To ſcarlet indignation, and bedeaw
Her paſtors graſſe with fay thfull Engliſh blood.
North. The King of heauen forbid, our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall Grandſires bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To fay thfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince iuſt:
And as I am a Gentlem, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, ſay thus: the King returnes,
His noble Cooſin is right velcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaundes
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commendes:
We do debaſe our ſelues (Cooſin) do we not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitour, and ſo die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle wordes,
Till time lend friends, and friendes their helpfull ſwords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

Line 21 as he is princeſoe just-
29 King. Wi do-.

As is my grief
Or that I coul
Or not remem
Swell'ſt thou
Since foes hau
Aum. Nort
King. Wha
The King ſha
The King ſha
The name of
Ile giue my je
My gorgeous
My gay App
My figurde C
My Scepter, f
My Subiects,
And my large
A little little C
Or, Ile be buri
Some way of
May hourely
For on my he
And buried o
Aumerle, thou
Weele make f
Our ſighes, an
And make a d
Or ſhall we pl
And make for
And thus to d
Till they hane
Within the ea
Two kinſeme
Would not th
I talke but idle
Moſt mighty
What ſayes K
Giue Richard

Line 30

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